

The Flagstaff Sun-Democrat.

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FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897.

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PROFESSIONAL.

D. D. J. BRANNEN, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Flagstaff, Arizona. Will respond promptly to all calls from any point on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. Office and drug store opposite the depot. Telephone: Store, 19; residence, 23.

W. S. ROBINSON, M. D., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA. Office and residence in the Presbyterian parsonage. Telephone No. 43. Office hours from 9 to 11 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.

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BUNCH & JONES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the Fourth Judicial District. Land litigation a SPECIALTY. Office at court house, Flagstaff, Ariz.

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OSCAR GIBSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will practice in all courts of the fourth judicial district. Office with E. S. Gansley in the Babbitt building.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 12. Meets every Thursday night, in G. A. R. hall. Visiting Workmen are cordially invited. C. A. BUSH, M. W. LOUIS SPIERS, Recorder.

COURT COCONINO, I. O. F., NO. 186. Meets every Tuesday evening in G. A. R. hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. DR. D. J. BRANNEN, C. R. LOUIS SPIERS, R. S.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, NO. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings on the first Saturday night of each calendar month in Masonic Hall, Kilpatrick building. Sojourning brethren cordially invited. W. H. ANDERSON, Master. J. GUTHRIE SAVAGE, Secretary.

FOREST CAMP, NO. 1, WOODMEN of the World. Meets the first and third Mondays in each month, in the G. A. R. Hall. Visiting Sovereigns cordially welcome. T. S. BUNCH, Counsel Com. T. E. PULLIAM, Clerk.

G. A. R.—REGULAR MEETINGS OF Ransom Post, G. A. R. No. 4, Department of Arizona, will be held in G. A. R. hall on second and last Saturday in each month. E. R. JONES, Commander. E. H. CHESSE, Post Adjutant.

I. O. O. F.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE, NO. 11. Meets every Friday evening in Masonic hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. J. E. JONES, N. G. J. L. DOUGHERTY, Secretary.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, NO. 15, K. of P. Meets every Wednesday night in their castle hall in G. A. R. hall. All visiting brothers invited to attend. W. A. MAYFLOWER, C. C. G. H. COBLE, K. of R.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, REV. F. DILLY, Pastor. On Sundays: Low Mass at 7:30 a. m.; High Mass at 10 a. m.; Sunday school at 11 a. m. On week days: Mass at 7 a. m. On the second Sunday of each month, prayer meeting at 10 a. m.; Sunday School at 11 a. m. All cordially invited.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CORNER OF Church and Laramie Streets. C. F. Wilson, Pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sundays: Sunday school at 10 a. m. Oscar Gibson, Superintendent. Class meetings at 12:15 p. m. Epworth League 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everybody welcome.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. North San Francisco street. H. P. Corner, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting, 7:15 p. m. Mid-week conference and prayer, Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

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THE TOWN OF FLAGSTAFF.

Surrounded By the Grandest Scenery on the Continent.

A Very Interesting Letter Descriptive of the Scenery and Nature's Wonders, by a Contributor to the Los Angeles (California) Times.

Is Flagstaff on your mental map? Our party discovered it on the Santa Fe's line on our way from Las Vegas Hot Springs to the Pacific coast. Its people call it "the Skylight City," doubtless meaning that the larger part of "the city" has the blue sky for roofing. This makes the pet name significant and witty, for certainly there is little of a city under shingles.

Just before reaching "Flag," as it is affectionately called, we heard such wonderful things about its possessions that we stopped off. We found "the Skylight City" charming, situated in a vast, magnificent pine forest, grass-carpeted, sun-lighted like a kept lawn, extending over the plateau and up the surrounding mountains almost to the summits, and all the expanse so free of undergrowth that the free and easy riders gallop as comfortably here as on a swept boulevard, and the bivouac life is the rule.

We climbed one of Flagstaff's heights to "Observatory point." This, it will be remembered, was selected by Prof. Lowell for astronomical observations on account of the atmospheric clearness and other favorable conditions. The telescope at our visit was visiting in Mexico, but was about to be returned to the Flagstaff pedestal, then undergoing enlargement. From a sudden hailfall we took refuge in the frame building that served as lodge for the professors, but we found only commonplace things, as carpenter's tools, excelsior packing and a surprising number of broken chairs, the astronomers while here going to the city for meals, which by the way, are good. Once a week was "public night," and the opportunity given to the visitor of a look at the heavens through one of the best glasses yet made.

Within a radius of eight miles and easily accessible, were visited the dwellings of those prehistoric, mysterious people, of whom we know only that they were here and now are not, that they are unregistered in earth's annals except in these ancient ruins. At Walnut Canyon the walls are deeply eroded in parallel horizontal lines, by which natural recesses are made, floored and roofed by the more strenuous strata; here in great numbers are the cliff dwellings, like swallow's nests, between earth and sky. With rock fragments and cement partitions are run and the fronts and sides walled, some of these intact, others in ruins, while the quaint implements and trinkets that at discovery characterized these dwellings are now rarely found. Only fragments of pottery are common. Some of the dwellings more difficult of exploration may yield archaeological treasures.

Another of Flagstaff's possessions is the noble and practical mountain of San Francisco. There is, perhaps, not another in America that yields such a rich reward for the small hardships of a visit.

On its north face the monarch mountain wears a white glacial favor the year round. To one of its four peaks, 13,000 feet toward the stars, there is for seven miles of the tea a good carriage road, then a bridle-path leading almost to the summit crag, and to one of the noblest of mountain views. The outlook covers 75,000 square miles, reaching to Superstition mountain at Phoenix; Granite Mountain at Prescott; two hundred miles to Navajo Mountains, near the Colorado line; and to a vague something on the west where California's eastern boundary is. Concerning visions at nearer range,

you will have most of them if you fall in with the "Happy Thought" programme.

In this you start at six o'clock in the morning, September 7. The air is cool and crisp, its breath the breath of life, for in the experience of mankind there is not known a finer climate than prevails for nine months of the year in such mountain towns as Santa Fe, Flagstaff, etc.

In the run of seventy miles on which you are started, you breathe the elixir, for you are up seven thousand feet in the pure serena. There are a few heavy grades, but the road in the main is level, winding among the foot-hills and lower slopes of the San Francisco Mountains, through a superb park of majestic pines, where the eye follows shadowy vistas stretching away to dim mysterious terminals. There are little glades and idyllic valleys, cliffs and hills everchanging in shape and hue; dark carpets spread by volcanoes; lights and shades fancy-dazzling; Sunset crater with its somber slopes and flaming crest of sunset colors.

Then there is a stretch over a prairie region showing an impressive scenic panorama to Cedar Ranch, the half way point where you have a fine luncheon.

Then, to wheel again, you pass a region of extinct volcanoes and of cave-dwellers, where Kendrick and Sitgrave and Red Butte swim on the horizon, while, fifty miles away, lies the unique, most exquisite creation of all this wonderful mountain region, the Painted Desert. It gleams with silver-white patches; it is fleck with great shadows; it is shimmering with tints amber-like, amethystine, opalescent, and with pale ghosts of rainbows, flitting, vanishing apparitions.

From plain you again enter the forest—that of Coconino—and are now on the homestretch for the hotel and for the tent village. These you find in a little glen, surrounded by stately murmuring pines.

Mayhap you are fatigued with your twenty-mile run, but you cannot rest until you have had one look at the great thing that you have come to see, the most awful stupendous panorama in the experience of earth, the "Titan Chasm" that mortals call

THE GRAND CANYON.

You have read, for there are writers who have essayed to write this "not lawful to be uttered"—that the Grand Canyon is a whole chaotic underworld, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative world, a boding terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream—a wide-spreading labyrinth of towering castellated cliffs as massive crested buttes of matchless shapes and color blending, harmoniously artistic, exquisite as a flower; a terrible overwhelming ensemble; an awful panorama countless miles in extent, lying wholly beneath your eye, as if you stood on a mountain peak instead of the brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau, whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away, and whose river channel is 6,600 feet deep, and nearly five miles in a straight line from the point of view. The gorge is fifty times that of Niagara.

You will have three days in which to study the Grand Canyon, and the eleventh for the return trip.

This is the happy thought: The Coconino Cycling Club of the little-great Skylight City is to make its annual run from Flagstaff to the most marvelous phenomenon ever wrought by one river. The opportunity will be provided for the seeling at small cost of the "New Earth," which every American ought in gratitude to see before he is shown that other—the supernatural vision—the "New Heaven."

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG, Redondo, Cal.

Ireland is threatened with a famine. The crops in that country are almost a total failure.

SPRING GIZZARD SAM.

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST.

The sun had almost touched the horizon and a holy calm pervaded the spot. Against the massive trunk of a primeval pine rested the slawny body of Gizzard Jim; by his side, grasping his trusty rifle, knelt Bunco Warts, the trapper, scaler and distiller.

"Bunco," said the dying hero of a hundred combats "them shots I got las' Sunday when I wuz firin' de church has cooked me—goose, an' dis ole carcass o' mine ain't no fuder use. But I will die like a yellow-covered warrior, an' don't yer forget it. Wot is death anyhow? Nothin' to de man who can pick his teeth wid a bowie knife widout cuttin' his gums, or kin strike an eagle on de wing. I ain't made no will. Bunco, but de trophies wot I leave behind I want yer ter give to de boys as follows:

"De strings of ears wot's a hangin' by de fire-place in de cabin, an' w'ich I cut off in fair fight wid gov'ment officers, I leave ter Buldy Hamface, an' I want him ter wear 'em under his chest-protector, near his heart, in remembrance of de many drinks we's had together; de pair o' buckskin shoes containin' de fingers of de peddler, I give ter Hash-lipped Charley, ef he lives ter git out o' jail. Den dere's a deerskin bag full o' front teeth, which I has batted from der jaws of cursed redskins; I want yer to string 'em and send 'em to Daisy Harelip, an' tell her ter wear 'em fer ole times' sake.

"Raise my head, Bunco—so—an' put a tuft o' cool grass in me ears, fer me head's all affric—so—Canks, Bunco, canks; you're a Jim dandy. Dere's a couple o' eyes in a sardine box—you'll find dem in der cupboard. Dem I give ter you; I won dem fairly in a fight wid a half-breed two mont's ago. I'd ha' got his nose too of his tribe hadn't come to his reekoo.

"An' now, Bunco, turn me wid mer face to der settin' sun an' w'istle some church-music to der tune of 'On der Bow-ry.' Good-bye, Bunco, Good-bye—I am a-goin' to dai born where travelers return, w'ich I learnt in Sunday-school."

And so he died.

The Grandest Remedy.

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant, of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business, and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for coughs, colds and consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at Dr. D. J. Brannen's drug store.

A sample lot of one thousand pounds of silver ore from a Mohave county mine, was sold to the sampler this week for which the owner received a check for \$800. Few Klondyke nuggets exceeds this in richness.—Kingman Miner.

Royal makes the best pure, wholesome and delicious.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Territorial Fair.

The secretary of the Territorial Fair at Albuquerque writes us that the coming fair will be the largest and most attractive of all the fairs ever held at Albuquerque. The exposition building will be filled to over-flow with the products of the country.

The poultry department will be represented by breeders from all over the west; many Colorado breeders have already signified their intentions to make exhibits.

The field sports this year will be immense. There will be no less than six ball clubs which will enter the tournament and the lovers of base-ball will see some the finest exhibition of the national game ever played in the Rocky Mountains.

The bicycle races will be greater than ever before. The secretary has just had orders for ten entry blanks from Denver and a dozen from Pueblo with numerous letters from other points from bicycle riders saying that they would attend.

The railroad company have made the low rate of 1½ cents per mile each way between Trinidad, Col., and El Paso and Silver City and west as far as Needles, Cal. The Texas Pacific, the Peoria Valley, the D. & R. G. and the Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix have all made rates in conjunction with the Santa Fe road.

The secretary is in correspondence with a great many breeders of fine sheep in the Eastern States and he expects quite a number of fine bucks to be placed on exhibition for the benefit of the sheep growers of New Mexico.

The manufacture of sugar beet bids fair to become one of the great industries of New Mexico as well as Arizona. Realizing this the association have offered a prize of \$20 for the best 100 pounds of sugar beets grown in the Territory and \$10 as a second prize. It is hoped those who are experimenting this year on the growth of sugar beets will exhibit the results of their experiment at the fair.

Everybody should attend the Territorial Fair this year who are interested in the development of the Territories or in any way fond of field sports. Everyone, regardless of variety of tastes, will have opportunity to gratify them.

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